



Cruinniú



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Chapter 1 by Varvara Pines

It was an ordinary day, just like other days before and days that would be after. I lived in the little cozy hostel on Preston Street in Liverpool, UK, waiting for another meeting with Tom for about a week. I went for a walk, being really annoyed with my “friend's” non-punctual. It was nearly eight o'clock and it was getting dark quickly, what was unusual for September. I decided to go to the park, but, suddenly, right in front of the park's gates, something made me stunned.

My eyes saw a man, quite thin and very tall, wearing black clothes, that appeared out of nowhere. Being unable to make a simple step, I just watched after him walking around me and caught the glances of his eyes, that resembled red balls of fire. He did not scare me, actually, and I started to think that I had met a drunk goth, and his sudden appearance had been only my imagination, but, unexpectedly, he pulled out his eyes and threw them to me. The shock made me deaf and blind, then his diabolic laugh returned me to consciousness. Man started jumping from one roof to another as long as I could see his back.

A hour after I return to the hostel, squeezing his stone-like eyes, unable to sleep and think. It was the strangest experience of my life.

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